All never published

SOMETHING.

EDITED BY

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"Tis Something----Nothing."

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THE WORLD.

THIS World is—as it is, and as no one can change it
For better or worse, as it is we must range it,
And try if from *what* it is, ought we can take
Will give opiates to vice, and keep virtue awake;
For virtue indulges too much on her pillow;
'Tis her's to bestride the impetuous billow,
To ride on the storm, to out face the bleak wind,
And assert the all conquering power of mind.
To prove that no fortune or sorrow can bend
The soul of that man who can be his own friend:
Do his duty, start fairly, take truth for his guide,
Make faith his reliance, religion his pride;
Keep watch, take the helm, cry at folly, "no near,"
And when once gain'd the right course say, "steady now steer."
But if Virtue once dozes, be sure in a trice,
The helm of her vessel's seiz'd hold of by Vice;
The sheets are eased off, and a free breeze obtained,
More is lost in one hour, than by days can be gain'd;
Happy yet, from her slumbers if Virtue awakes,
Ere her bark on the rock of incautiousness *breaks*.
But the world? aye the world, well it is—as it is,
Its wealth is a target some hit and some miss,
'Tis composed of a mixture, some sour, some sweet,
Some weak and some strong, and some little, some great,

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Some wretched, some happy, some grave and some sad,
Some wise and some foolish, some good and some bad.
But where all have a fair chance to act as they please,
Or to *struggle* for bliss, or be *curs'd* at their *ease*.
But, it follows of course that if some *will* do evil
And pursue that broad road that leads down—(I'll be civil)
So to balance accounts, *other* some must be found
Who've ambition enough to ascend the *high* ground,
For virtue, or vice, would have absolute sway
If all should determine to travel *one* way.
And this once effected, mankind would be slaves,
And *drill'd*, like a despot's train'd bands, to their graves.
No honour or praise could their actions reward,
Nor justice a punishment fairly accord;
Since force and not reason, constraint and not will
The measure of each prescrib'd duty would fill.
The moral, unlike to the physical world,
Has a spot where the banners of peace are unfurl'd;
'Tis the space intervening 'twixt little and great;
'Twixt the zenith of fortune and nadir of fate:
Where Experience beckons to all, as she cries
Or rising or falling, here pause, if you're wise,
'Tis the shade of content, where the weary may rest,
And partake, if they please, of the sweets of the blest.
Yet such is the folly of those who pursue it,
Tho' with hard toil they've gain'd, they still pant to get through it;
While those who're *compell'd* from high fortune to stray
In spite of conviction keep down hill their way.
Yet such the repulsion of all as they meet,
They are ne'er known to stop, one another to greet,
And lest the rich man check the poor in his fall,
He leaves *him* the broad way, and himself takes the wall.
Then viewing the world as it is, we shall find
That if some *will* go forward, some must lag behind,
If some seek the country, some must live in town,
If some will go upward, then some must come down.
For the high roads of life, like the bridges of Boston,
Would ne'er pay their costs, unless both sides were crost on.
Since each other then meeting, avoiding, or shoving,
Or crossing, or jostling, we always keep moving,
Since, like teetering boys, when one mounts t'other falls,

M. W. Hall. Sept. 7-4 '96.

Since few keep fair-weather, but all have their squalls,
This world may be aptly compared to a pot
Where all kinds of sauces are kept piping hot,
While each genus is jostling the other, and toiling,
Like men, to obtain the best *places* to boil in;
While money's the fuel that fire conveys,
And ambition the poker that stirs up the blaze.

A Categorical Syllogism.

MAJOR.

This is a strange world:

MINOR.

A strange world must produce strange people.

CONSEQUENCE.

Strange people must exhibit strange things.

Now who can doubt after this that we can tell watt's what? It is strange that a work should be undertaken by—Nobody. It is stranger that it should be professedly inimical to—Nobody.

And yet that it is likely to be supported by—Nobody.

And what's most strange, and passing strange, is, that these truths, though truths, will be denied by—Nobody.

"*Alas! he's Mad.*"

Some say that it is madness to undertake a weekly and literary paper in Boston, after so many have failed—We beg pardon of the learned editors, we *should* have said, after they had *declined publishing*, in consequence of a deficiency of public taste to estimate and patronize their respective merits. They say too that Maros enough could be found if Mecænases were plenty.

THREE QUERIES.

Can any man admire the beauty of a woman, before he *sees* her beautiful?

Can any botanist acknowledge the pre-eminence of a flower till he has observed its superior claims?

Will not Maros produce Mecænases?

Look at Philadelphia and New-York. The former has her Dennie, the latter her Irwins; Look next at home;—does not the Anthology blossom and bear fruit under the influence of an enlivening sun? Our

soil is rich enough, let but the seed be good, sow it carefully, and it will produce its fifty or its hundred fold.

Mecænases produce Maros! Virgil wrote, and wrote *well*, before Mecænas interfered in his favour—Let a Virgil appear in Boston and he'll find his Mecænas—somewhere.

It is not what we think of ourselves, but what the world think of us, that establishes reputation and, consequently, profit.

We may think and say of ourselves that we are wits, geniuses, or learned men, but after all we have thought and said of ourselves, there is a certain something necessary to make the world believe.

The greatest error into which periodical writers generally fall is that of thinking themselves wiser than their fellow creatures: That they sometimes *have* been so must be granted, but because Addison and Johnson instructed, it does not follow that every succeeding writer should amuse. Johnson stood "like the monument" firm in disappointment: we are equally prepared.

But let us jokingly, and without the usual animosity, notice the observations of our wits and punsters on some of the periodical works that have made their first and last appearance on the stage of literary patronage in this town.

THE THISTLE.

The *Thistle* springs up, and, like Virgil's bee, "vitam in vulnere ponit."

There is much virtue in a *name*; *Thistle* was an unfortunate title, a "noli me tangere" "a nemo me impune lacessit," cautious people were afraid of touching it. We trust that we have been more fortunate in our choice, for every body must be pleased with "*Something*," although there is a something that will never please "No not to Nobody."

N.B. The above quotations were introduced to prove that *Nobody* understands Latin as well as English.

THE TIMES.

The Times are changed! Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

THE MIRROR.

The Mirror is still held up; may it never know a painful reflection!

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The Weekly Magazine say the punsters, was not strong enough to stand its ground, because it was *weakly* supported.

THE EMERALD.

The Emerald was not *read*, because it was *green*.

THE ORDEAL.

Its *fire* was too hot, and its *water* froze, there could be no fair trial.

THE POLYANTHUS.

Polyanthus. Sweet pretty name! Ladies like bouquets; but is it to be supposed that they will at all times wear them in their bosoms? Humanity forbid! The Polyanthus had to be sure many flowers, but alas the thorns sprang up and choaked them.

Now, is it not perfectly natural and conformable to custom immemorial, that these gentlemen (the editors,) should complain of the want of spirit in a public to support a work of merit? but, if "Nobody" should be doomed (which is very probable) to the fate of his predecessors he will candidly confess that it can only be owing to his deficiency in "Something."

But notwithstanding all the complaints that have been made about the public not having spirit enough to support a work of sense, we are determined to try if *we* have sense enough to support a work of spirit.

We pretend not to a keenness of vision that will enable us to *shoot* folly as it *flies*, but if it should happen to *light* within gun-shot when we are sure of not wasting powder, we may perhaps take aim.

By this it will appear that we have some knowledge of good generalship, being economical of ammunition.

Fine Eyes.

There was once, and there may be still, an Academy of Apathists in Italy; at one meeting this question was proposed,

Which are the most handsome eyes in women, black or blue?

Some contended that blue eyes were entitled to pre-eminence because their colour resembled that of the heavens, and their beams were soft and mild; they who advocated black eyes contended that their fire was more brilliant, that their effect was more striking, and that the contrast they afforded to the whiteness of the skin was wonderful in its operation at the first view.

How the contest was decided we cannot tell.

We introduce the circumstance only as introductory to a decision we have already made, that is, that *we* shall in *our* estimations of the comparative beauty of eyes give the preference to those which look upon us most favourably, let them be grey, brown, blue, or black.

The Drama.

THE Drama will engage a considerable portion of our attention; nor shall we forget that the authors of its institution in our mother country were ecclesiastics, that the preachers of the Gospel were the first and originally the only actors in the Drama, and that it was introduced to give a more impressive effect to the doctrines of morality and Christianity.*

However changed in its nature or effect, it must still be regarded as an object of high consideration in its influence over the public mind, and consequently claiming and deserving the support of all enlightened societies. They who fear it as an instrument of evil tendency, (if their sincere wishes for general amendment have equal energy with their professions) should think it their duty to attend dramatic representations, that by their presence they might check the further encroachments of immorality; for the stern countenance of virtue will easily make vice retire ashamed: while they who think it has a moral influence, should present themselves as guardians to that moral influence, and by their sanction promote its permanency.

If the aged, the wise, and the good *will* give up that control over dramatic representations, which a public should always possess as an essential right, to the young, the thoughtless, and the profligate, what can be expected but that authors, managers, and actors will endeavour to please the deputed agents of authority, instead of the authority itself?

Without entering into a discussion of the wisdom of those measures which, public or private, have continued to banish the greater part of our clergy from theatrical representations, we shall only point out and lament the effect.

It is presumed that there is no man of sense who does not look up to that reverend class of society with respect and awe; if then they, with the aged and good laymen of our land, would attend that instrument of public influence the Theatre, what author would find it his interest to write, what manager to represent, what actor to be concern-

* *Let it not be imagined that we wish to dignify the professors of the drama, exclusively, by asserting that their original predecessors in that calling were ecclesiastics. The lawyers are equally welcome to the honour which history bestows on them, for all lawyers before the* reformation *were clergymen.*

ed in a performance of vicious or immoral tendency? or when should we now hear, (though in plays of general good moral, but written in looser times) those indelicate, indecent, and sometimes obscene allusions which doubly sting the heart of innocence in the tumultuous roarings of the galleries.

Nor would such restraints banish one sterling witticism of any nature from our stage. For wit may be called the union of acute sensibility with quick but correct judgment. And what acute sensibility would wound one feeling of an innocent heart, or correct judgment approbate the injury?

The too great alienation of such characters from the theatre has probably been more the cause of the introduction of indelicacies in modern performances, than the inclination of the author. For an author would naturally be induced, and has unfortunately cause, to to reason thus, "If I am to expect success or profit from my labours, I must please those who will attend them. And who are they? The wise and good? Alas, no! They leave that establishment which they *avow* to have influence over public morals to the patronage of youth; it is *youth* therefore that I must endeavour to please"—the consequences are but too obvious to need elucidation.

Another apparent cause of an incorrectness of conduct sometimes discernible among those who compose part of the audience of the Boston Theatre is the exclusion of females from the pit. It cannot but be acknowledged that in all societies not absolutely depraved, the presence of females refines the moral conduct of men, or at least checks for the period their depraved habits.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man. We had been brutes without thee.

And we fear it may not be unjust to add that in many societies

We *are* brutes without thee.

But to return from this impelled digression. The admission of females to the pit in this town, as in the principal cities of America, would certainly tend to check that irregularity of conduct so often exhibited there to the annoyance of the audience in general; if honest tradesmen were permitted by *custom*, for no regulation of the theatre is against it, to bring their wives and daughters with them, they would themselves be more cautious in their conduct, and more inclined to insist upon a like cautiousness in others. Boys would be restrained from indecorums in which they are at present too liberally indulged, and, independent of other beneficial effects which we trust it is un-

necessary to mention, the Boston Theatre would exhibit an audience less deviatory from the morality of the Boston public.

French Readings.

"Qui sapientiæ et literarum divortium faciunt nunquam ad solidam sapientiam pertingent."

Whatever may be the *effect* of our feeble exertions, we shall always endeavour to encourage any exertion which may tend to the purity of the morals, the elevation of the character, or the accomplishment of the minds of our fellow citizens; nor are we deterred from a strong recommendation of the study of the French tongue, by the celebrity of the selfish observation, that the universality of the French language would prepare the way for the universality of the French empire. So long as the citizens of the United States preserve American *hearts*, they may speak the French, as safely as the English language. When Monsieur Le Tessier delivered French readings in London, his rooms were attended by the nobility and gentry of the first fashion and accomplishments. English Readings have also been warmly patronized in Paris. We believe an opportunity is now offered to the intelligent of Boston of setting, in America, an *example* of encouragement to one species of literary merit.

Although Mr. Martelly could derive no pain from our candid opinions delivered to the public on his first evening's performance, we shall address ourselves solely to him on this occasion in the languages he is professedly acquainted with, trusting that he will thence infer our sincere good wishes and intentions.

"On ne parle que pour etre entendu." Pres. de Brosses.

I *sensi* in un certo modo potrebbon dirsi, Ministri, Nunzj, Famigliari, o Segretarj dello 'ntelletto. Buonmattei.

For, however tastefully and acutely a reader may himself embrace the feelings of his author; something beyond strict correctness of recitation is necessary to transfer those feelings to an audience: for instance, the ebullitions of wit require a quick and poignant, but delicate enunciation; for the keenness of wit is estimated by its polish: but if a public reader should adhere so closely to nature as to deliver such effusions exactly in the same style and manner as an accomplished gentleman would play with them in a drawing room, he would neither be understood nor heard by a diffused audience; in private societies we direct our *own* wit to those who, as we think, will immediately comprehend

it, but a public reader directs the wit of *others* to those on whom it is his province to enforce the conception.

As, therefore, Mr. Martelly delivered his readings to a company to whom, generally, the French language is not native; we trust we shall not be deemed presumptuous or proved erroneous in recommending to his attention, a less rapidity of utterance and a greater energy of action.

Right and Wrong

OR

Left and Right.

In travelling in Massachusetts we are put to some difficulty, the law not having determined whether keeping to the right, is right or wrong. In England the law has determined that the right should be the wrong side. And in an action for damages, a counsel there pleaded as follows

My Client was travelling from Wimbledon to London: he kept the *left* side of the road, and that was *right*. The Plaintiff travelling from London to Wimbledon kept the *right* side of the road, and that was *wrong*.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In driving your carriage along;
If you keep to the left—you are sure to go right
If you keep to the right—you go wrong."

But the Legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, actuated by a rigid sense of right and wrong, and not being willing to call right things by wrong names, ordered that the right of the road should be the right side, and that the left should be the wrong.

If it is yet to be determined which is the right side in Massachusetts; it would appear that the *left* side must be the wrong side, and consequently we should advise all persons to keep steadily and universally to the *right*.

Silent Admonition.

It is presumed that tender feeted gentlemen will no longer complain of the side ways of Boston being so rough and dirty, when they consider the beneficial effects produced, by their remaining so, on the fair

sex. Have they not heard of the catarrhs, toothaches, consumptions, and deaths, "caught by thin soled shoes," among the young ladies of New-York and Philadelphia? and would they wish the same havock here? surely no! Rough pavements and dirty streets oblige the ladies to wear cork shoes and thereby secure them from being *Kid*-napt.

Nor should the ladies on their part disconsolately lament a few rents in their laces or other garments, when they reflect what invaluable good consequences are produced to their lovers, by those mementos of the impropriety of being out after sunset, which are left, ambushed in darkness, to advise them. No moral lesson could have the effect of instilling the decorum of returning home early and soberly, half so forcibly as a bruised shin by the stump of a broken post.

Darkness too has its advantages, but the chaste yet envious moon deprives us of one fourth of them; the other three fourths however, sufficiently employ the rest of our senses when the eye is useless.

With what astonishing ingenuity can the human mind, produce good from evil!

Manners.

Manners will be one subject of our observance; for instance, if we see a person calling himself or wishing to be styled by others a gentleman, standing up in the theatre with his hat on and arms a-kimbo before a lady, we shall by persuasive, and perhaps convincing arguments, endeavour to prove to him, that it is by a very *different* conduct he can obtain the sanction of the wise to the title to which he aspires.

We are strongly, perhaps strangely, of opinion that the author who declared that "Manners make the man," had some sense—if he had added that they made the gentleman—but, no matter, it may be that in the rank to which he referred, he supposed that no person could be entitled to the character of a man unless he was a gentleman. Petronius arbiter was a vile wretch—Chesterfield has been drawn as his parallel. We think unjustly—Petronius had no virtues, Chesterfield had many; separate the chaff of the latter from his grain, and much wholesome food may be obtained.

Politeness and Politesse should not be confounded because their orthography is similar; Politeness is the effluence of a virtuous mind. Politesse of a slavish, selfish inclination—A polite man will never intentionally offend, a man of politesse will always intentionally insult.

All characters who attempt to appear what they are not, while they endeavour to cheat the world, are the dupes of their own vanity.

No one can by sensible men be esteemed as greater than his fellow citizens because he keeps his hat on when civility induces others to uncover their heads; but if such an one seeks the applause or admiration of fools, let him have his reward.

An indelicacy (to say the least of it) is obtaining among some of our young men, on their entrance to churches, public assemblies, theatres or elsewhere; they seem to imagine that the longer they keep their hats on when entering a meeting house, the greater their frolics at the door of an assembly room, and the louder their noise on entering a box at the theatre, the greater their consequence: while some, as if wishing others to suppose they were constantly attended by servants, to perform the necessary acts of civility for them, leave the doors open, unmindful of the silent rebuke of female delicacy, that turns its eye in vain to discover any *gentleman* who could be guilty of such conduct.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinet esse *feros*.

Exchange Coffee House.

We profess not to be men of business, but we *think* we have seen something of the world. The house built for the president in Philadelphia, after remaining several years unoccupied, was profitably engaged by public spirit; the purchaser of Morris' buildings has made an ample fortune; the City Hotel in New York, was bought by an individual, who thereby cleared an immense property; and it appears only to require a similar spirit in the rich inhabitants of Boston, to enable them to boast of the most elegant building, and the best house of general and polite entertainment in America.

At this house was given on Tuesday evening, perhaps the *most* splendid ball and entertainment ever witnessed in the United States; here was no "half faced fellowship," no attempt to unite affected style with natural vulgarity: all was ease, elegance, and harmony; the company consisted of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen, for whom an entertainment was prepared, that displayed the union of liberality and taste; every delicacy delicately served up, gratified the eye, while it refreshed the palate; and the correspondent decor-

ations and attentions, exemplified that generous ardour to please, which has on all similar occasions been witnessed in Mr. Hamilton.

The Theatre.

We shall not pretend to dignify our observations on dramatic representations with the title of Criticisms or Critiques; much less shall we presume to inform the public how they ought to think; we shall offer only our own *opinions;* which, perhaps, may prove as erroneous as those of our predecessors. And as a proof of the *probability* of such an event, we shall begin by observing that it is our *opinion* that no one who has hitherto undertaken the task of a critic in Boston, within the sphere of our reading, has had a knowledge of theatrics in any way competent to the decisions he has made. Let therefore the heretofore critics remain content under the shade of ignorance, for if they assert *knowledge*, we shall be forced to impute some character of a less ingenuous nature. It is not by the indiscriminate puffing of a private friend, or by the general abuse of those who are personally unknown to them, that critics can expect safety from the ordeal of their own justice, nor can such conduct either authorize them to assume, or justify the public in sanctioning, such a title. The public has a right to exact from every editor the performance of one essential and unalienable duty, they have a right to exact correct information, or at least information *intendedly* correct. The editor may mistake in judgment, but when he asserts *facts*, those facts should be incontestible. Proceeding upon this fundamental principle, we shall never insert any communications (or rather puff collateral) on the subject of theatrical representations; we will think and write for ourselves.

"*We* would not flatter Neptune for his trident."

We mean to be independent in our own opinion but not restrictive of the judgment of others. We shall give our ideas freely of the public, the managers, and actors, but let it be remembered that they will be only our *own* ideas; we presume not to speak with the town's tongue.

Our object is the dignity of the drama and its professors, and it is with regret that we find our first duty of an unpleasant nature.

Theatre, Wendesday, Nov. 15, 1809.

To sport with the feelings or even the name of the unfortunate, to make the abuse of either subservient to private policy, to delude with false and groundless expectations, or to endeavour to veil self interest

under the cloak of charity or beneficence, is vile and vicious in the extreme.

Under which of the above standards the managers of our theatre think proper to enlist, they may perhaps on an investigation of their own conduct with respect to this evening, determine: We know they cannot fly from *all*.

We were told on Monday evening, that the *profits* of Wednesday, were to be given to a gentleman in sickness and distress. The profits! when it was well known that the receipts from the performances advertised could not be expected to yield one half of the supposed expenses. Admirable liberality! we have experienced *such* instances of the liberality of the managers before. May they not be *imagined* to have reasoned thus? There is to be a grand ball on Tuesday night; the ladies will be tired, they will not attend us on Wednesday, let us then advertize Wednesday for the benefit of this gentleman, and *we* may perhaps by these means gain more than we otherwise should, and be also *thought* to be at least the *instruments* of public generosity.

Happily, they found that the public had been hitherto too much deceived to be deceived again: and fortunately they have left to the solid principles of humanity to *effect* for the unfortunate sufferer that intended advantage, which had it been offered on this occasion would have been absorbed in the vortex of their *pretended* expenses.

This incidental circumstance has elicited observations, as we think suitable to the occasion, *when* the managers act honourably to the public, our *applause* will be equally unequivocal.

Religion.

In vain on talents we rely
  For happiness or ease;
We envy only can defy
  When we ourselves can please.

But temper'd by Religion's laws,
  We find within our breast
A friend, that whisp'ring its applause,
  Will lull the soul to rest.

Rosina sings sweetly, she dances with grace,
She gives voice to an eloquent mind,
Her delicate touch each soft *wild* note can trace,
Or the mazes of science *refin'd*.

O'er these, which are virtues in sensible minds,
Religion's mild sceptre is sway'd,
She trusts to her God, to her Saviour, and finds
Her trust with *content* is repaid.

Ergo apis matinæ
More modoque

Grata carpentis Thyma per laborem—In plain english, not under the sun's but under the *moon's* countenance, like our brother editors we—steal. As, therefore we confess ourselves the occasional *subjects*, they who criticise by rule, cannot with any grammatical propriety make us the *objects*, of reflexion.

Bashaw's Tails.

A bashaw with three tails! "Risum teneatis amici? Yes, when we consider correctly the title itself, and the origin of it. They are not three of Lord Monboddo's tails, nor three tails to a wig, commonly called pig-tails, but they are horses tails, borne before them as ensigns.

Among the Tartars and the Chinese, a horse's tail is still the standard under which they go to war, and in Turkey it is considered as a mark of dignity; the reason of which is, that their standard being once taken by the enemy, the general of the army cut off his horse's tail, fastened it to the top of a pike, and displayed it to the army; by which he rallied his soldiers who were in great confusion, exhilarated their courage, and gained a complete victory.

The bashaws of three tails, are those who are entitled to have carried before them three horses tails, fastened to a pike with a gold button.

Guillotine.

It is generally supposed that this instrument, by which the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth suffered, was invented by Monsieur Guillotin, a physician, and a member of the national assembly in 1791.

The illiberal sarcasms licentiously indulged respecting the expedition physicians use in despatching their patients, perhaps continue to promulge this error; Monsieur Guillotin certainly *introduced* it to France, and we think with humane intentions, but the *invention* of it cannot be ascribed to him. For, it was formerly used in England, in the limits of the forest of Hardwicke in Yorkshire, and was called A Maiden; the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals suffered by it in the reign of queen Elizabeth; twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650; after which it is supposed that the privilege was no more respected. That machine is now destroyed, but there remained one not long ago (and it may be there still) in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton suffered.

Virgil.

As we propose making our little work useful as well as entertaining, we shall occasionally introduce a few classical remarks.

Virgil in the first book of the Eneid, v. 321, speaking of Harpalyce, the Thracian Amazon, and praising her extreme swiftness, says, that she went faster than the Hebrus.

Volucremque fuga prævertitur *Hebrum.*

Is it any thing wonderful that she should outrun a river which was never remarkable for its rapidity? There are but few rivers which a man on foot might not overtake, *walking* at a common pace.

Virgil undoubtedly wrote

Volucremque fuga prævertitur *Eurum.*

Intending to say, what is frequently expressed by a very common hyperbole, that she went faster than the wind, as in other places.

Illi æquore aperto
Ante Euros Zephyrumque volant.
Equo prævertere ventos.
Fugit ocyor Euro, &c.

Again, it stands in the common Delph. editions.

Huic Conjux Sichæus erat ditissimus *agri.*
Phænicum.

It appears clearly by what follows, that Pygmalion killed Sichæus, to have his *gold:*

Auri cæcus amore
Clam ferro incautum superat.

When Sichæus, after his death, appeared to his wife Dido, and exhorted her to fly, he at the same time informed her in what place he had buried his *money*, which he advises her to dig up, that it may serve her in her retreat.

Veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et *auri*.

Dido follows his advice, and takes these treasures with those of Pygmalion.

Naves quæ forte paratæ
Corripiunt onerant que *auro*, portantur avari.
Pygmalionis opes pelago.

In all this we find that it was Sichæus' gold, which caused these revolutions, and not the lands which he possessed; therefore there appears no doubt that Virgil wrote

Huic conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus *auri*.

And not ditissimus agri, as it is printed.

Humanity.

Humanity's life's dearest friend,
'Twill hear the faintest groan;
To others woes its thought extend,
And thus relieve its own.

'Tis not to speak where all may hear,
Or give where all may see,
'Tis feeling, and the private tear
That prove humanity.

I pass'd by a cottage;—I turn'd and beheld
An infant distress'd at the door:
She spake not, she sigh'd not, her hands were upheld
As if aid from *above* to implore.

I enter'd the hut;—ah how sweet it appears
For a moment such grief to beguile!
The innocent infant receiv'd me with tears,
But she whisper'd adieu in a smile.